

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and coosen Glendower wil you sit downe
and Vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Coosen Percie, sit good Coosen
Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
his cheeke looks pale, and with a rising sight he wissheth you in
heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene
borne.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh, then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pinch and vex't,
By the imprisoning of virguly wind
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeple and mosse-grown towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosen, of many men
I do not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the roule of common men:
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man speaks better Welsh:
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace, coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you coosen, to command the deuill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coose, to shame the deuill,
By telling trueth. Tell trueth and shame the deuill:
If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,
And ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell trueth and shame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable char.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues, in the deuils name?

Glen. Come, here is the map, shal we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignd:
All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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And